

# OLEANDER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

'Twas the night before Christmas when all  
through the house—



Not a creature  
was stirring ex-  
cept Oleander



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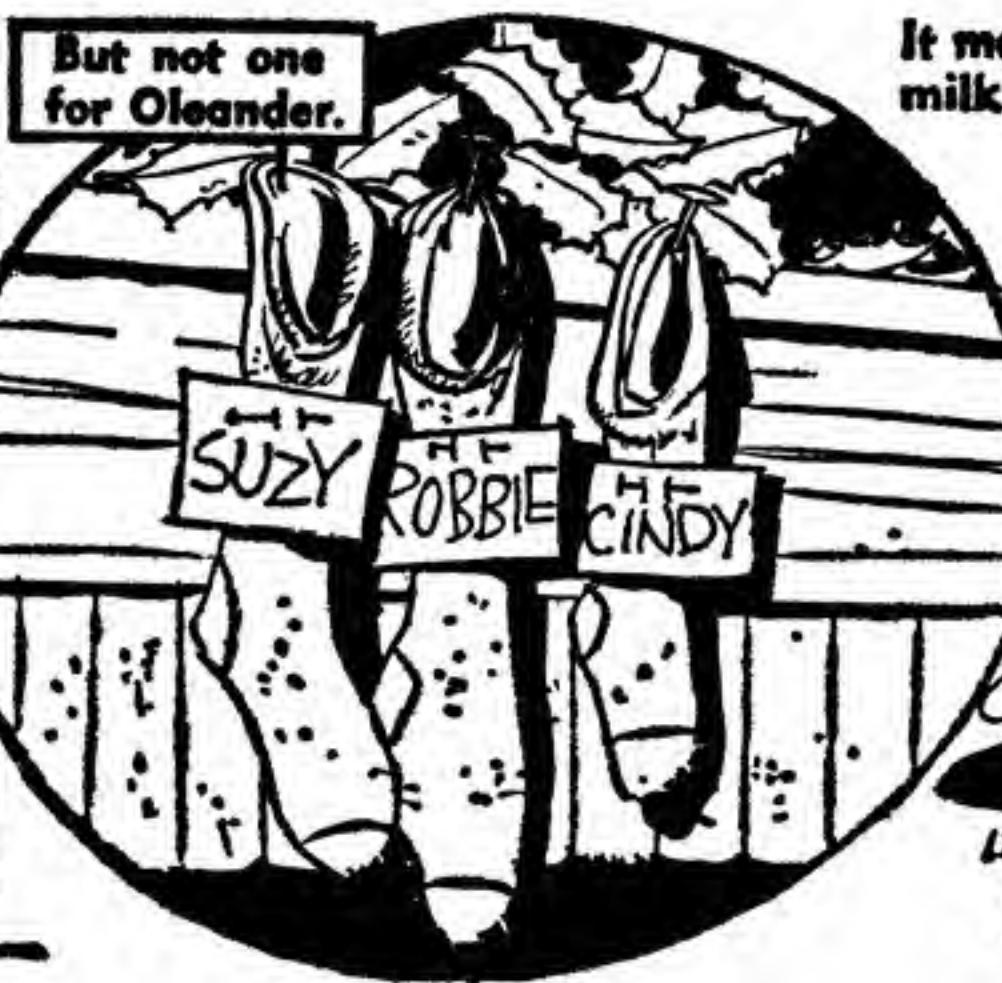
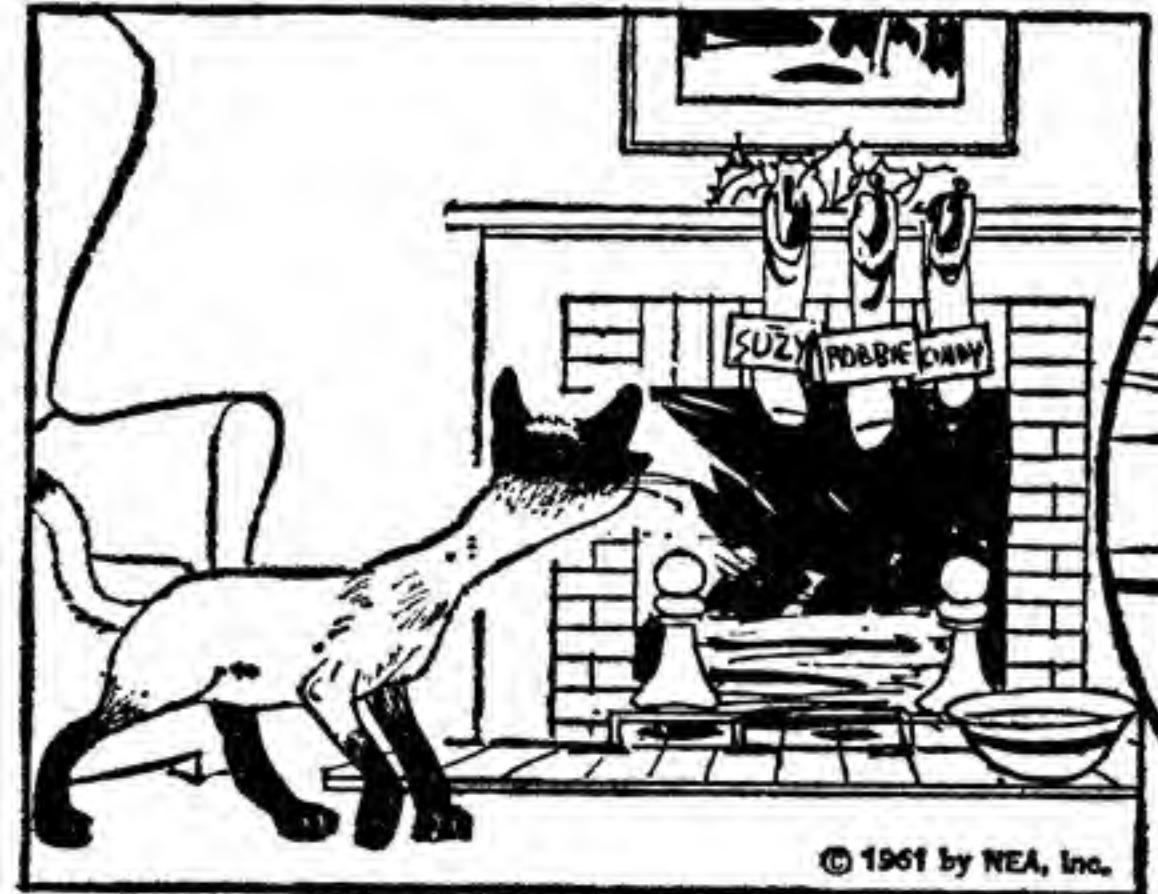
By JAY HEAVILIN



An angry, hungry, buff and black cat!

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It made him so mad he drank the  
milk set out for Santa Claus!



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The children were nestled all snug in their beds.

As Oleander, a very, very bad cat, knocked all the ornaments off the Christmas tree!

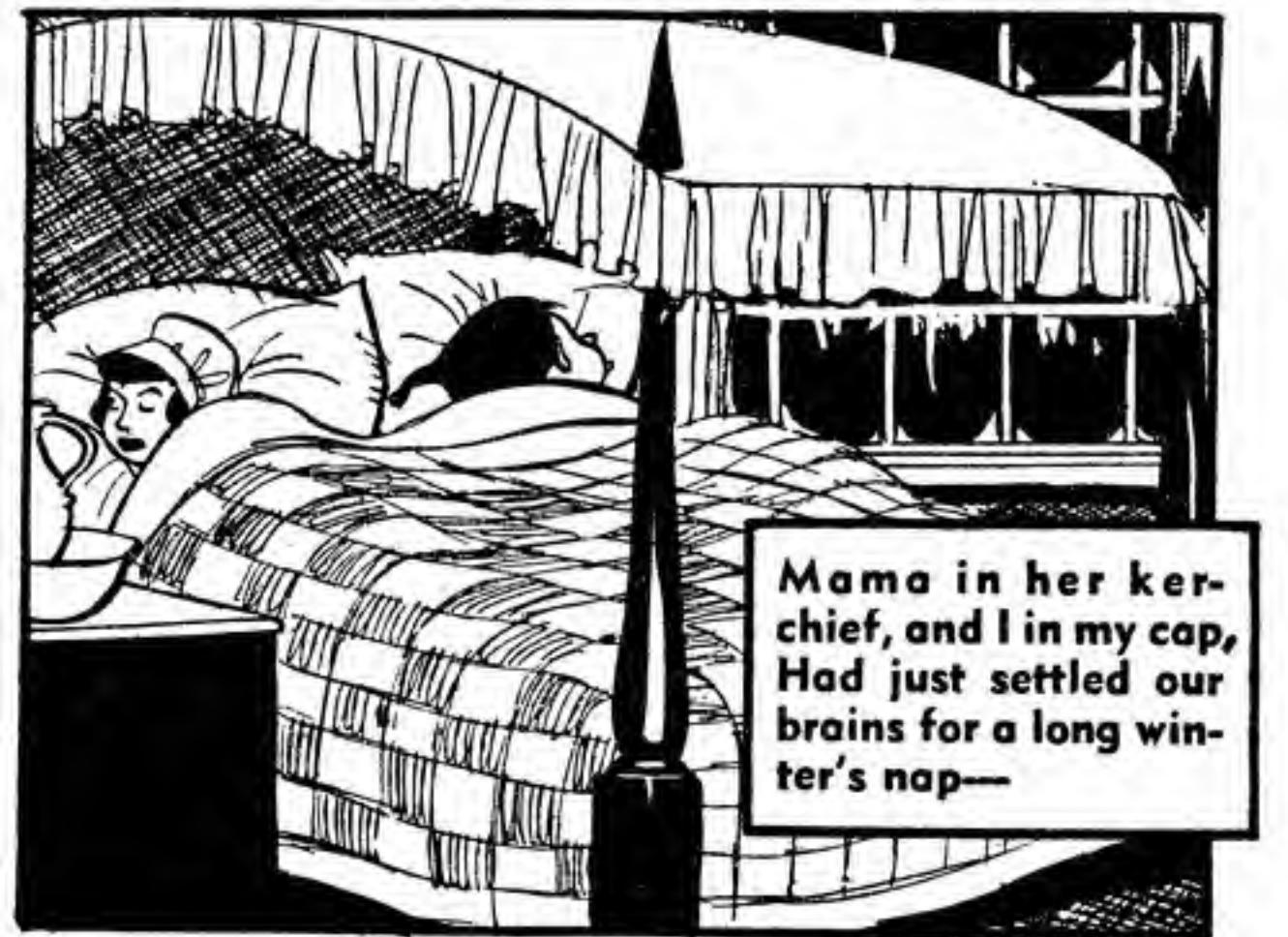
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Walt Scott

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# OLEANDER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

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The moon on the breast  
of the new-fallen snow—



Shone on the  
house in which



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A miniature sleigh, and  
eight tiny reindeer—



Flew toward the house where Ole-  
ander was trying to do away with  
Christmas!



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A bundle of toys he had flung on his back.  
Santa placed them on the floor.

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"Though you have been a very bad cat,  
I have brought you a present!"

"I don't want  
it," said Olean-  
der.



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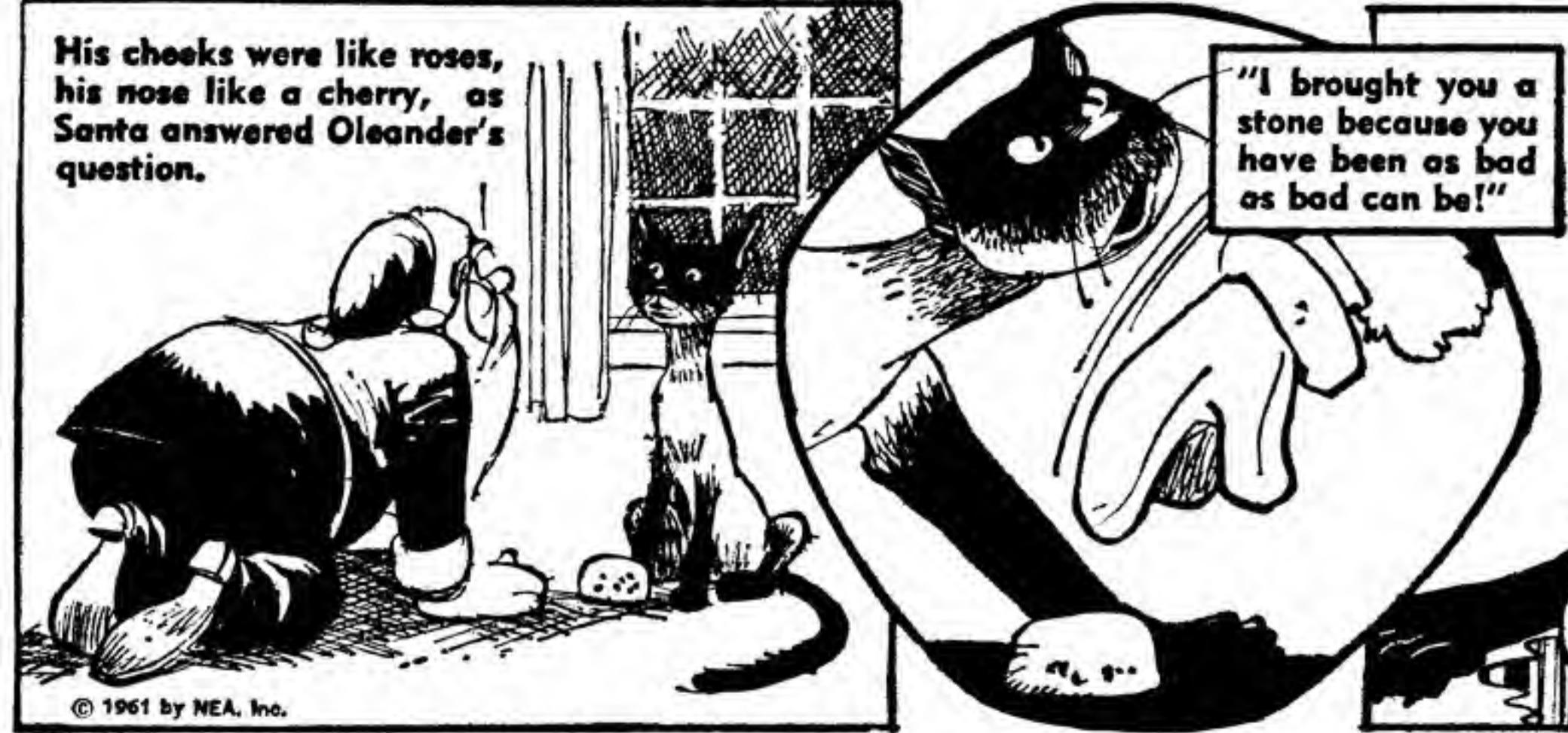
"Why did you bring me this?" asked Oleander.



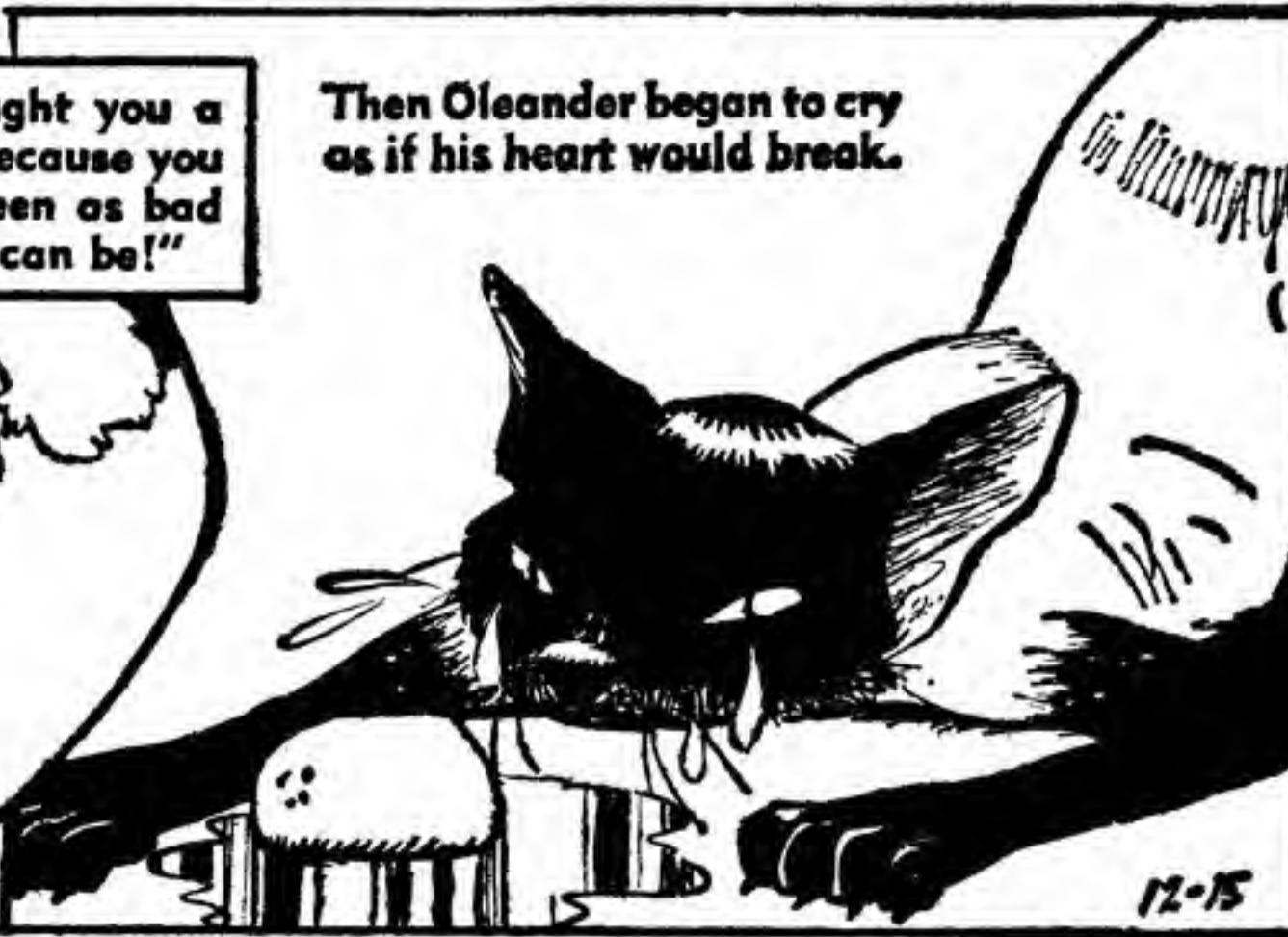
# OLEANDER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

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His cheeks were like roses,  
his nose like a cherry, as  
Santa answered Oleander's  
question.



Then Oleander began to cry  
as if his heart would break.



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The beard on his chin was as white as the snow, as Santa heard loud noises on the roof!



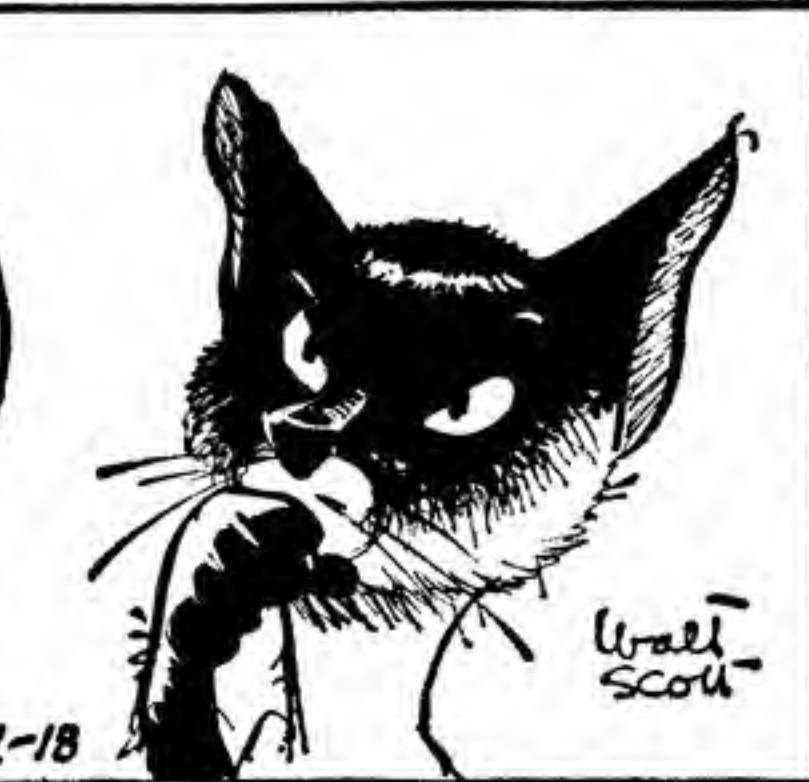
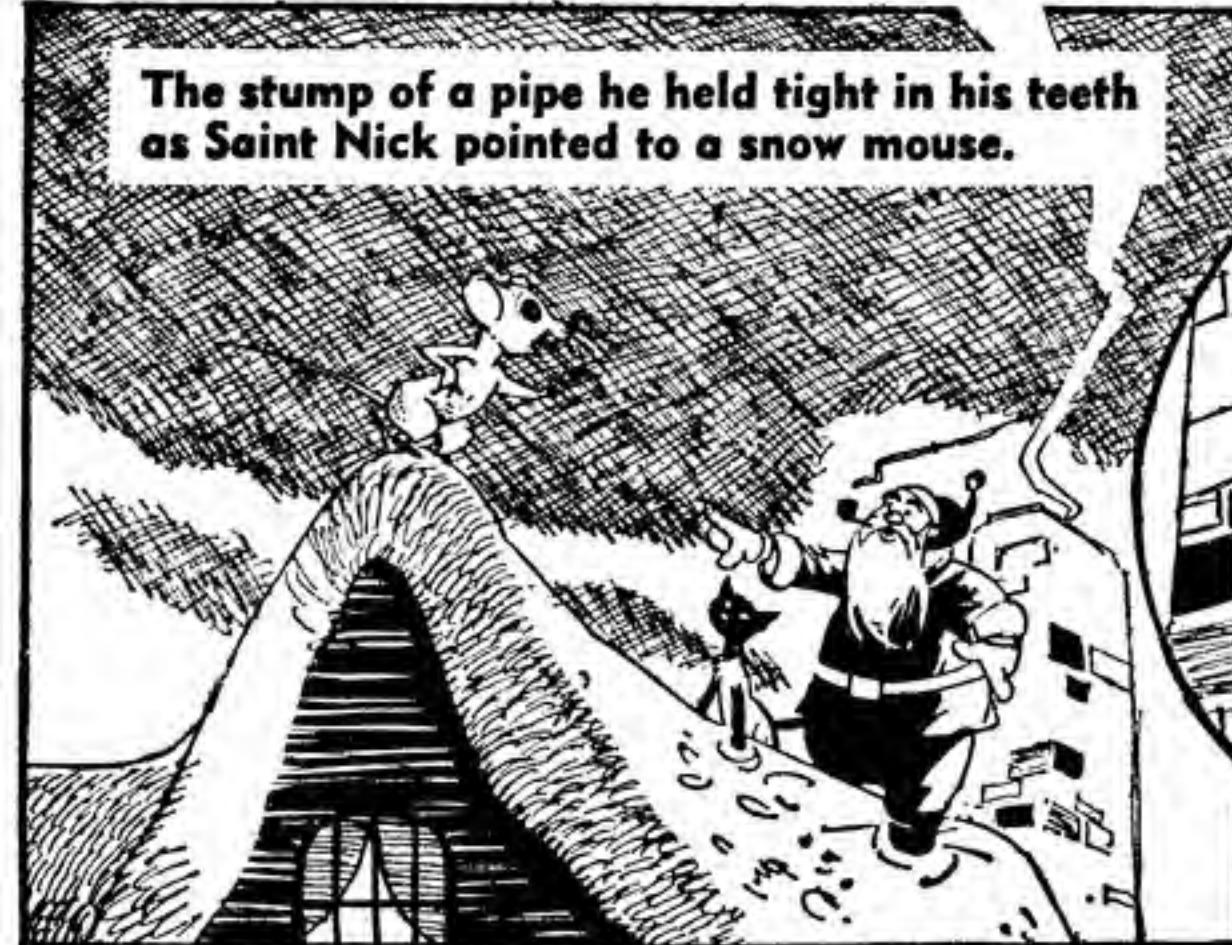
"My reindeer! They have flown away!" He exclaimed!



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The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth  
as Saint Nick pointed to a snow mouse.



How would Santa deliver his toys  
to all the girls and boys, wondered  
Oleander.

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The smoke it encircled his head like a wreath as Santa watched—



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—Oleander chase the snow mouse—

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—That had frightened away Santa's reindeer.

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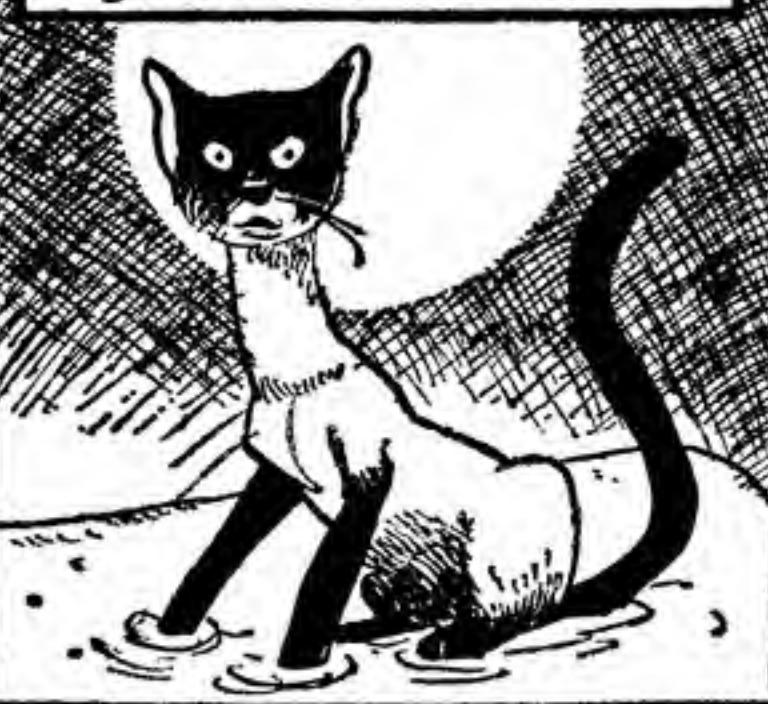
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By JAY HEAVILIN

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, when his reindeer returned.



But he said not a word to Oleander, who had chased away the snow mouse that had frightened the reindeer.



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# OLEANDER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

By Jay Heavilin

He spoke not a word but went straight to his work, did Santa.



He made the canary Oleander had eaten reappear in the cage.



"And I ate the goldfish, too! It's magic," murmured Oleander.



# OLEANDER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

By JAY HEAVILIN

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a  
whistle.



"Because you saved Christmas for  
children all over the world, I have  
restored Christmas here."



And Santa had! Even the  
ornaments Oleander Cat  
had broken were back in  
place!



# OLEANDER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

By JAY HEAVILIN

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night," cried Saint Nick as he flew off.



The perfect present for a cat who learned to be good the night before Christmas!